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IN VACATION.

Lesser but More Effective.—Once there was an amiable controversy between an English bishop and a judge as to which of them possessed the most power.

"You can only say, 'You be hanged,'" boasted the bishop. "I can say, 'You be damned'." "Yes," replied the judge, "but when I say, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

Failed to Function.—Mary: "Who is that man?"

He: "Oh, that's the court crier."

Mary: "I don't believe it. I watched him all through the trial, and he never shed a tear."—*Exchange*.

The "Light" Brigade.—The attorney for the gas company orated at length concerning the virtues of his corporation client.

"I say, as the poet said," he stormed in closing, "'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

And out of the court room crowd came a voice:

"Oh, what a charge they made!"—*The American Legion Weekly*.

A Misconstrued Proposal.—A young lawyer who had also been recently appointed a Notary Public by the Governor of the State, was sitting in his office in a prominent office building in Jacksonville, Florida, puffing away at a Camel cigarette.

The door opened and in came a very attractive young lady about twenty-one years of age.

Arising from his seat the young man pleasantly greeted the visitor, who shook hands with him very graciously, and asked: "Are you Mr. D.?"

He admitted his identity. "I want to get married, Mr. D. Can I get you to marry me? I am anxious to marry right away. I'm already and want to be married tonight if I can get you to marry me that soon."

"What, marry you?" he asked somewhat surprised. "I have never met you before. You are certainly pretty and I like you, but this comes to me mighty sudden!"

"Oh! You don't understand. I didn't mean to marry you. I just wanted to get you to perform the ceremony. You are a Notary Public and can marry people, can't you? Tom and I want to run away to-night."

The young attorney in the blandest language possible made his apology and gladly consented to officiate and unite the young couple in the nuptial knot.—*F. M. M.*